Vata Hunt in a Broadway Phonography for "Lorenn," "The Belle of the Mohawk Vale," "Flewer," "Annie of the Vale," and Some of the Music of the Country Pair.

One may hear all the new songs and some of It depends upon how many phonographs one patronies. There are old songs and old songs. There are the songs which are familiar to the present generation. There are the old ones which no one hears any more unless one hums them to one's self. They were the songs that were caught up in their day and that were whistled by the street. The phonograph was not of that day. The men who made the songs

popular are gone. One who has reached the half-way house went into one of the Broadway phonograph places and dropped the price at each instrument, ... When he had heard all he went to the

manager and said:
"Some of this music is old enough to satisfy the average ancient, but I am looking for son that was popular when I was a boy, and that is not quite as long ago as you may think. I am looking for some of the music I heard my sweetheart sing. I am hungry to hear some of the street airs of my boyhood days that made the whole town turn out. I want to hear the band that played at the country fair. I want to hear one of the fool nigger ballads I heard in the nigger show when Billy Arlington, Billy Manning, Cal Wagner, and Ad Ryman were young and at their best, when a nigger show was a nigger show and nothing more."

The manager of the phonography was oblig-ing. He asked the music hunter to name some night be obtained.

Well. I think I'd give half a dollar to heaf 'Lorena' once more. That isn't half as eld as some of your music, but hang me if there ever was a love song as tender, and I know the time when everybody sang it or whistled it, or tried to. A girl who had a piano in those days who couldn't play and sing 'Lorena' didn't have many callers. Why, the old folks used to come into the parlor and encore the last verse I reckon you know it."

The manager said be did not recall it. The r made a few cuts in the air, as the old music teacher used to do-down, right, left, up and sang in what he said was the cellar key There is a future. Ob. thank God. "Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,

But there, up there, 'tis beart to heart." "No, I never heard it," said the manager. "There were about ten verses of it. I've seen women cry over every verse. I recken that is what killed it, maybe. There isn't much time to cry now, chi Well, soon after it had a run mehody brought out an answer to it. 'Paul Vane, 'I think, was the name of it. But tha was the woman end of the story, and dog my cats if that ever takes like the man's story,

cats if that ever takes like the man's story. Those's something about a man', when his heart is breaking, that catches hold, don't you know. "But never mind. Did you ever hear the song called 'Annie of the Vale' It was more of a serenade. And screnades have gone out of fashion, too, 'Annie of the Vale' was always aung by,'a quartet, no matter how many of the boys were out with it. I only remember the chorus. Something like this:

"Come, come, come, love, come:

Come 'ere the night torches pale;
Come is thy duty, thou marvel of beauty,
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.
"That was always the signal for the girl to

Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.

"That was always the signal for the girl to raise the window sash and drop out a card. You never had any phonograph of that, I reckon?" "Never heard that. But, as you have just said, serenades are not in it any more."

"As this is New York, you must remember "The Belie of the Mohawk Vale?" I mean the song. It came up the year before the war. It gave "Lorena" a bot chase for preference. It was something like this:"

"Oh, sweat is the vale where the Mohawk sensity

Oh, sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
On its clear, winding way to the sea.
But dearer, sweeter; yes, sweeter far than these,
Who charms when others all fail.
Is my blue-eyed, bonnie, bonnie Etolse,
The belle of the Mohawk vale,

The belle of the Mohawk vale.

"I remember there was such a song, but I never heard it." said the manager.

"Well, about fifteen years ago. I reckon fit was, I was in the town of Utos, up State, and one day when I was out walking with my old friend, E. Prentiss Balley, one of the editors of the town, we crossed a muddy stream that looked as it somebody had been picking gees in it. I asked Mr. Balley if the creek had any name. And he looked at me as if he would have liked to hit me, and said. "Why, man alive this is the Mohawk!" And then I asked him if he had heard about the old song. The Belle of the Mohawk Vale, and he smiled, and we just stood there on the bridge together and asng as much of it as we could remember. And he said he hadn't tried to sing any for years."

"I know Mr. Balley, but didn't know he could sing."

"Well his pane payer appeared on the selevy."

sing."
"Well, his name never appeared on the salary
list, I believe. Did you ever hear 'Flewey!"
"I don't recall it by that title. There is so list. I believe. Did you ever hear "Flewey!"
"I don't recall it by that title. There is so much music. You have no idea—"
"There never was but one "Flewey. It was the one song that had neither rense in the words nor music in the recore. And yet I've heard an audience yell for it, over and over, just as the audiences used to yell for Keene to do the fight seeme over again in "Richard III.," when poor Billy Hayden was Koone's manager. Did you ever hear about that! When Keene was somewhere in Colorado the audience was not satisfied with his appearance in a bow in response to their encore after his fight on Bosworth field and inade a great kick to Hayden. They said they wanted the fight repeated. Hayden told them it would cost a dollar extra. They plunked down their gold and said money was no object. What they wanted was more fightin'. So Hayden told them that it would be all right the next night. Weene didn't play Richard, and that let hayden out.
"This song Flewey was cut out and put together by Billy Courtwright, the nigger minstrel! If I remember correctly. I don't know what has become of him. But his fool song nearly made people cray. They sang it when they couldn't help R. It went something like this:

Elephant climb a rope.

Elephant climb a rope, Flowey, Flewey, Flewey, Elephant climb a rope, Flewey—Andy—John, Elephant climb a rope All greazed with tar and soap; Now wasn't that a funny climb? Flewey—Andy—John.

n the chorus;

Oh. Flewey. Flewey, Flowey.
Flowey.—Andy.—John. Flewey.—Andy.—John.
Elephant climb a rope.
All greased with tar and soap;
Now wasn't that a funny climb?
Flewey.—Indy.—John. "Then the chorus:

Now wasn't that a fanny climb?
Flewey-hindy-John.

"Quite a similarity," said the manager.

"Tes, there were about seven verses all alike, and the chorus. But the people yelled for it. They whistled it. They named cigars for it and driaks. It was not entrancing—I don't know what you would call it. I would like to hear it once more as Billy Courtwright sung it. I think it was the only thing he ever did. He got a new one. I heard, and it killed him as an attraction. "Before the days of the three-ring hippodromes, or whatever they are called, when the one-ring circus played one day and night stands, it was part of the duty of the old clown to sing. A clown who couldn't sing was not in it, as you asid about the serenades. I remember one clown who came to the town where I lived, and who sang a song from the far side of the arena in a way that caused the people to stand up and holler. It was a new one to us, and it stayed in our town until 'Shoo-fly' crowded it out. It was "That Young Girl from New Joracy.' I don't remember the words, but it went this way:

And the musical bunter whistled it.
"Of course, you remember 'Shoo-fly,' he went on.

"Very well. But we haven't it. I wonder

And the musical hunter whistled it.

"Of course, you remember 'Shoo-fly,' " he went on.

"Very well. But we haven't it. I wonder how it would do to bring it out on the cylinder?"

"Then there was a plece of street music that the band used to play. It was called, 'Wait for the Wagon and We'll all Take a Ride.' How I have seen the militia step high when the band cut loose on that! And when the band wasn't playing anything the peonle would yell for it to give 'em' Wait for the Wagoh.' I had not thought of it for years. If I knew where I could hear that by a brass band I would give 75 cents for the privilege.

"The bands that used to play at the county fair always played the popular music as well as it knew. The band was composed of the barber and the blacksmith and the timer and the baker, and a few more of like trades. When the fair was on the band had a pen to itself, right over the judges stand, in the centre of the ring. "Pop Goes the Weasel' was familiar to everybody them. It had a longer run than Shoo-fly. It was always played by the county fair band after the blue ribbens were tied on the winners. But while the crowd was gathering the band would load off with 'Oh, I should like to Marry. Did you ever have that?"

"I think not. Who is the composer?"

"Oh, I don't know. People naver method was a sort of a quickstop that always caught the crowd. It went something like this, as well as I remember:

Oh, I should like to merry

Oh. I should like to marry

"When the band played that the young women would wave their handkerchiefs, as much as to say, 'Here am L.' Talking about fair bands—I

Femeraber that it was at a county fair that I first heard a cornet solo. The leader of the band was a wagon meler, and a new man in the town. The band used to practice on a platform he built on the roof of his shop. That cornet solo was the 'Maid of Athens.' I had heard an old sweetheart sing it a long time before, but it was a new one on the people at the fair. It was the first cornet solo, for one thing, that it was the first cornet solo, for one thing, that was the first cornet solo for one thing, that had a gan when the cornet breaks loose by the flay had a gan when the cornet breaks loose by itself, but I am not one of that kind. Well, after the 'Maid of Athens' was played by that fair the 'Maid of Athens' was played by that flay had a gan when the cornet breaks loose by the send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase yet was a send for the wagon and run yet all in. Chase

a copy of Byron to every young person in the town."

"It is a great place of music yet."

"But I'll bet you haven't it on any of your cylinders. By the way, there was a song that was popular among the chapples about ten years ago, and I'll bet you haven't that. "Ohe, Mamma."

"We have the music but.—"

"I know. Well, I don't blame you. Still, it is a catchy thing. I'ld you ever travel on a steamboat on the Mississippi or the Missouri River? Well, you never heard any music. At night, when the freight had been stowed away, and while the steamer was under full speed, the deckhands would gather on the bow belowthey were all negroes, of course—while the passengers assembled above. And then the deckhands would sing 'Lily Dale,' and 'Old Dan Tucker,' and 'Nelly Gray,' and 'Carry Me Back to Ole 'Virginny,' until you could hear the echoes on either shore. I reckon you haven't any of that music on your cylinders!"

"No; there is no call for it."

"There would be if somebody would come here and sing it or play it as I have heard it sung and played."

FLAMES ENDED THE MAN HUNT Samuels Was Ficeing from a Lynching Party When He Was Burned to Beath.

"There was only one official hanging in my county," said the ex-boomer from Oregon, "and it turned out afterward that an innocent man was executed in that instance. This precedent made even lynching very uncommon, so that ham Samuels to the nearest tree it was only after a careful consideration of the crime he had committed. Samuels was a man of about 40, small, wiry, and agile. He had reddish hair and a heavy beard, the cut of which he was con tinually altering, and he was always neatly, rather flashily, dressed. He was married to woman some ten years his junior, and lived with her and their two children or a little ranch on the divide between Tin Pot and Shoestring valleys. In spite of his generally quiet behavior Samuels was very un popular; partly, I suppose, because of his natty appearance, and partly because he was known as a wife beater. Mrs. Samuels was not directly responsible for this knowledge, for she knew n one in the neighborhood and was rarely seen of the clearing. She was thin and tired looking, and her big gray eyes had that cowed look that always arouses sympathy. There was the same look in the eyes of her two sons, who, passersby noticed, always played quietly and withou much apparent enjoyment. It was the tales these two little fellows told their mates at the district school at Tin Pot that first brought to the notice of the community the condition o Mairs in the home of the Samuels family.

"Whether it was because of the knowledge that she had the sympathy of the community of simply because she had borne all she could I never knew, but one day Alice Samuels turned on her husband and drove him from the house A drummer for a dry goods house in 'Frisco reported one night that as he was driving over

A drummer for a dry goods house in 'Frisco reported one night that as he was driving over the divide he saw Samuels in front of his house door, parleying with his wife, who stood at the open window with a shotgun. That night Samuels came to town and got very drunk. He was taciturn and sullen, which was unusual and was noticed. He started out in the direction of his home at about midnight.

"About daylight the next morning the Samuels cabin was burned down. Mrs. Samuels escaped with the children, but there was no time for her to save any of her belongings, even clothes. It was found afterward that pitchy chips and stove wood had been carried from a pile back of the cabin to a heap of dry brushwood and had been kindled. The flames had been blown across the corner of the clearing in which the cabin stood, setting it after and also the woods beyond. With no other evidence than this there was a strong suspicion that Samuels had set the fire, and his subsequent actions tended to confirm it. Feeling against him was intensified by the fact that the fire had gained a good start along the divide and was menseing valuable property on every side.

"Within a week from the time the fire started the town had grown too hot for Samuels, and in three days more, during which the fires had done more damage, a lynching bee was proposed, with Samuels as its object of attention. As I had been injured by the fires to a greater extent than any other individual in the vicinity. I was asked to organize the bee. I declined to do that, but I went along with the party, more from curlosity than from any desire to wreak personal vengeance. Samuels had heard of our intention, and had stolen a horse and started along the Smith River riall, intending, I suppose, to proceed down the river to its mouth and take a steamer for 'Frisco.

"The pursuing party rode hard, and we sighted Samuels just at daybreak the next morning as he crossed the ridge into the Smith River Valley, about six miles shead of us. He would surely have escaped us had in to been

crossed the ringe many nuises below, and as it ravelled up the valley it presented a solid wall of flame which it was impossible to pass. From this wall Samuels was forced to turn back three miles below, where he entered the valley, and there was no way out except the back trail. On this we intercepted him soon after, and it seemed as though he could not possibly escape the rope we were carrying for him. He did, though, for he was finally consumed in the fire he himself had started. He took the desperate chance of trying to swim down the shallow stream, whose flame-wrapped banks were not more than twenty feet apart. It was an impossible feat. The intense heat from the blaxing fir trees that lined the stream had overcome him before he got fairly started. An eddy stranded him on a small bar, where he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get under water again, and then lay still. He was enveloped for a few moments in the steam that rose from his wet clothes, which burst into flames as soon as they were dry. Then the naked body lying there on the sand could be seen to shrivel up and char over; and before we were forced back by the advancing wall of fire nothing was left but a heap of glowing cinders. I shall never forget that spectacle, and, incidentally, never participate in a man hunt again.

STEALING PEABY'S IDEAS.

The American Geographical Society on Sver drup's Remarkable Project.

The latest Bulletin of the American Geographical Society has the following expression of opinion, signed by Mr. George C. Huribut, iibrarian of the society and editor of the Bulletin, which undoubtedly voices the sentiments of American geographers and of fair-minded mer everywhere, in regard to the astounding attempt of the Norwegian, Capt. Sverdrup, to appropriate the plans, methods, and field of work, previously announced by Mr. Peary for his coming Arctic expedition: "On the 12th of January, 1897, Mr. Peary, ad-

dressing the American Geographical Society. presented a project of exploration in the Arctic epitomized by himself in these words:

"The conquest of the North Pole, the com-plete delimitation of the Greenland Archipelago,

"The conquest of the North Pole, the complete delimitation of the Greenland Archipelage, the last of the circumpolar island groups, and the elimination from our maps of the unknown area between the eighty-fourth parallel and the Pole, are important geographical desiderata. This work can be accomplished without risk of life or health. It can be done at a comparatively small cost. The time for this work is favorable; the probabilities of success flattering; the requisite experience and inclination to undertake it available.

"The project was submitted to the council of this society and approved, and in the early spring it was made known by publication in the geographical journals of America and Europe.

"In planning this expedition Mr. Peary undertakes no new enterprise. His explorations in North Greenland, begun in 1886 and steadily continued with characteristic energy and tenacity, are to be researded as successive steps toward the attainment of the great design now in process of execution.

"As if by common consent, the explorers and scientists who within the past ten years have felt themselves drawn to Greenland, have refrained from entering upon Mr. Peary's chosen field of activity. This is in accordance with a tradition held sacred for three centuries. An unwritten law, dictated by the sense of honor and by manly sympathy with heroic endeavor, has been instinctively obeyed by the explorers who have made the record of Arctic discovery.

"Capt. Sverdrup, who navigated the Fram on her immortal voyage, seems to be an explorer of a different stamp. He propouse—as repeatedly anneugeed for months past by publications of authority, such as Petermanna Mittellange, the Geographic, the Geographische Zeitschrift, and others—to set out in the summer of 1898 at the same time with Peary, following Peary's route and atms, adopting Peary's route and atms, adopting Peary's methods, utilizing Peary's experience, and necessarily interfering with his resources of near and dogs in North Greenland, in order to frustrate the labor

railing of the space set saide for visitors at the door of THE SUN office, but his voice was shrill nough to be heard in every corner of the room. "Say," he said, "my name's Kylle, Mr. Mike Kylie, and I want to tell youse about a murder. Me mudder found de body."

A reporter was assigned to listen to Mr. Ky ic's story, and the young man continued it with all the agitation of which a youth between 11 and 12 years of age is capable.
"It was down in 19 Hamilton street," he said,

on de top floor. She was a beautiful young loidy an' dere ain't nobody knowed her roal name; but dey said she was a foreigner, an' her clothes was outer sight. She wasn't dere very long, only three weeks, and dere ain't nobod me to see her, only a young feller wid a silk hat, and he come yesterday an' four or five times before dat, an' me mudder went to her room just now an' foun' her lyin' down besid de bed wid seven stab wounds in her choist. Dere was a bank book beside her so big'-here young Mr. Kylle indicated a volume at least as large as an unabridged dictionary-"and dey was \$5,000 wrote in it, and dere was jew'lry on her clothes and all aroun' de room which ain't

"Are there many policemen there?" asked the

"Naw," said Kylie contemptuously, "we ain't elling the police. Dere ain't nothin' in dat fo Kylle. How much is youse goin' to give up? told, "when we find out how much it is worth." "Oh, say, dis ain't no pipe dream. Dis is tead straight. Cross me heart."

"Have you told any of the other papers about

this!" asked the reporter.
"Sure I have. What do you take me for! I went to de Woild first, and I'm goin' to de Choinal next, and den I'm goin' to chase meself o de Trybune and de Times and de Press. Dis is the greatest dat ever happened. It was at 19 Hamilton street. You got that all right, didn't yer?" and Mr. Kylle rattled down stairs. The reporter was on his way to 19 Hamilton treet not two minutes later. At the corner of Hamilton and Catharine streets stood a policeman. He had not the appearance of one who was troubled by a muster mystery. His air of calm readiness for any emergency that duty might bring his way was rudely dissipated when the reporter thus addressed him: "What do you know about that murder at 19 Hamilton street!"

"Ah, what yer giving ust" returned the policeman, gruffy, looking his questioner over with a scornful suspicion. "You don't want to get too gay down here." "A small boy just came to THE SUN office."

said the reporter, "and told us that a woman had been murdered at 19 Hamilton street to-"Do you folks believe everything that them

kids tell you?" snorted the policeman. "He said," continued the reporter, "that the known, that she had been stabbed seven times, and that she had a bank book indicating that she left a great deal of money, and that a young man with a silk hat is known to have visited her yesterday. He indicated that the reason that she lived in this part of the town was that she was trying to hide herself, and he said that his mother found the body just about half an hour ago."

his mother found the body just about half an hour ago.

"Why couldn't he come and tell the police that?" exploded the policeman, angrily, for he was clearly impressed with the circumstantial detail of Mr. Kylie's story. "What in thunder's the use of running to the newspapers and getting a copper in trouble?"

The policeman started at a rapid nace down Hamilton street, muttering his wrath against the inconsiderate kylie. Before the door of the house at 19 Hamilton street stood an undertaker's wagon. Perhaps ten children and one or two women were waiting for the coffin to be brought out. There was a murmur of surprise as the policeman and the reporter went up the steps.

as the policeman and the reporter went up the steps.

"Somebody's dead, sure," said the policeman.

"On the top floor," volunteered a voice from the group on the sidewalk.

"Gee," said the policeman, "I ain't stuck on going in there alone unless I gotter do it." He drew his night stick and rapped on the stone step. In another minute another policeman came trotting up from the lower end of Hamilton street. He was followed by a train of small boys. As he approached the door the first policeman called to him:

"This citizen," he said, "says there has been a woman murdered on the top floor. He says there's a kid been going around to the newspaper offices giving information of it."

"What is the use of doing that!" demanded the other policeman promptly. "Why wouldn't he come to the police. Hut some people don't have nothing to do but get a copper in trouble."

The word "murder" had no sooner fallen from the first policeman's lips than a wild how!

have nothing to do but get a copper in trouble."

The word "murder" had no sooner fallen from the first policeman's lips than a wild how of joyogs excitement went up from the group on the sidewalk. There was an instant scattering of its constituents to all the houses in the meighborhood, and as they ren they called the news before them. The two policemen and the reporter went up to the top floor. The stairs were steep and well worn. They were narrow, there were ash buckets in the halls, and the halls were not brightly lighted. On the top floor there was a little whitewashed hall, perhaps eight feet by ten. Three rooms, even smaller than the hall, opened out of it. On the floor lay the body of a woman. It was dressed in the plainest way for burisl. Six or eight women stood about talking to one another in hushed tones, while two men, appearently the undertaker's assistants, were making ready to lift the body into a coffin. The dead woman looked as though she might have been 30 or 35 years old. Her face was worn with hard work and the traces of an unhappy fight for existence. Her hands were thin and rough. One of the policemen turned to the undertaker's men:

"Have you got a permit to remove the body" he said. The man drew cut a permit signed in regular order by Coroner Bausch and handed it over silently. The policeman examined it, handed it back, and glared at the reporter with growing contempt.

"What thid as he die off" the reporter asked

handed it back, and glared at the reporter with growing contempt.

"What did she de of!" the reporter asked one of the nearest women.

"The doctor said it was pneumonia," was the answer.

"Did she have a doctor attending her?"

"She did for the last three weeks," said the woman, "and a very good doctor he is, too, if I say it myself, who sends for him when there is need."

woman, "and a very good doctor he is, toe, if I say it myself, who sends for him when there is need."

"Th'n she wasn't murdered!"

"Who says murdered!" cried a woman on the other side of the body. "I'd have you to know that this is a respectable house, and it ain't a place where murders or any other disorderly conduct is to be looked for, and I'd like to know who it was that put you up to coming into a respectable woman's house to talk about a murder. I'd like to find the one that did it."

"Do you know her name!" saked the reporter.

"Her name was Mary Kelly, God rest her soul, and she's a perfect lady, and no one has a better right to say it than me, who has known her for five years, and you had a right not to come into the place where the poor girl was lying dead, with talk of her being murdered. And in my house, too." She turned on one of the policemen with this last outburst.

"We couldn't do anything less than investigate this citizen's complaint, said the officer. man.

The little hallway was getting very warm indeed. The prospect for anything in the way of news was diminishing with every word. But the reporter made one more attempt.

"Did she leave a large amount of money" he asked.

"When she fell sick she had some \$28 she'd

of news was diminishing with every word. But the reporter made one more attempt.

"Did she leave a large amount of money?" he asked.

"When she fell sick she had some \$28 sne'd saved from all the years she's been scrubbing floors in the Astor House and the Post Office, and there's \$18 of it left now."

"Who gets that?" asked the reporter.

"Never you mild who gets that," interrupted one of the undertaker's men. "You attend to your business and these people will attend to theirs."

"Now I wonder," said a woman who had been standing to one side, her hands on her hipe. "I wonder how it is that when a woman dies a natural death in this house everybody do be thinkin' there must be something wrong in it."

"And if it wasn't for the prisince of the dead, Mrs. Kylie," cried the janitress from the other side of the body, "I could be telling you who gives the bad name to the house."

The reporter followed the policemen down the stairs, and his head was almost at the level of the floor when he heard the significant pame of Kylie.

"The boy who brought the story to The Sun office," he said to the janitress, "said that his name was Mike Kylie, and that his mother sent him." Then he went his way down the stairs. But the valume of sound that followed from above indicated that even the "prisince of the dead" was not efficacious in suppressing some of the good woman's subsequent opinions.

When the two policemen and the reporter opened the front door and stepped out on the stoop they confronted a street that was literally packed with people. Immediately there arose a roar.

"There he is," cried some. "The coppers have got him. Look at the murderer!"
"No," howled others. "That's the reporter."

"And still others violently asserted that he was neither a reporter nor a murderer, but a detec-

send for the wagon and run yer all in. Chase yerselves."

The crowd was just dispersing, reluctantly and slowly, when two more reporters ellowed their way up from Catharine street and brought the whole crowd back after them.

"Have you got the murderer" they said breathlessly.

"There ain't no murder," said the coppers wearily. "If you people would wait for the police to send you information, you wouldn't be running your legs off to treuble the rest of a poor dead woman that died of pneumonis."

The crowd melted away. The subsequent proceedings of the policemen and the three reporters are not pertinent to the story. It may be safely inferred, however, that they did not moet and pass resolutions of thanks to Michael Kylie, infant.

DISMISSALS IN THE CENSUS OFFICE A Terrible Ten Minutes Under the Eres of the

Dismissals among the clerical force of the eleventh census were frequent almost from the very first. New names were constantly added to its rolls and old names stricken off. Quite frequently only two or three discharges were made at one time, and then they could be kept so quiet that they occasioned only a small ripple of excitement. But as the work of the census drew near its close, the force employe was naturally found to be much too large, and great numbers of employees lost their official heads at one blow. These extensive dismissals of course, were the cause of considerable excit ment among the clerks, for few, if any, could be absolutely sure that their names were not or the fatal list. A few there were with such strong influence behind them that they felt they need waste but little anxiety on their tenure of office; a few more held such difficult and responsible places that they felt comparatively easy, though realizing that theirs was by no neans as secure a safeguard as "influen would have been. But the great body of clerks new that there was no safety for them.

There were many young girls in the office to the Government merely meant a stoppage of their pin money. Then there were quite a num ber of young men who had utilized their sal aries and their opportunities to the best ad vantage, and as graduates of law or medicine were now prepared to start out on a profession career. But there was a sadly large number of persons employed who seemingly had no other means of existence than that afforded by the money which they drew from the United States Treasury twice each month; and many of this class were the sole support of their families. It

class were the sole support of their families. It really was a mystery how some of them contrived to exist before they entered the Government service; so, naturally, they suffered most of all from the unavoidable uncertainty.

The building where, toward its close, the census made its home, is nine stories high, and at that time (with one or two exceptions), each of its huge floors was practically one room, and could accommodate perhaps one hundred and fifty clerks with their desks and chairs, to say nothing of numerous files. At one end a small fity clerks with their desks and chairs, to say nothing of numerous files. At one end a small apartment was usually partitioned off for the use of the chief of the division. Great secrecy was always observed with regard to dismissals, but when large numbers were involved it seemed an impossibility to prevent some one from discovering the purpose of the authorities, and then the news spread like wildfire throughout the building. Each "chief" received a separate package of the unwelcome "yellow envelopes," which he usually distributed through his messenger just before the hour for closing.

Take a single one of these dismissal days for example. As usual, there is a forerunning rumor, and but little work is done after the lunch hour. There is an air of suppressed excitement throughout the room. Every clerk has his work before him, but finds it impossible to fix his mind upon it. Sensational reports are constantly fiving about. A bright-eved styl-

has his work before him, but finds it impossible to fix his mind upon it. Sensational reports are constantly flying about. A bright-eyed, stylishly dressed girl, secure in her own influence, casts pitying glances at the gray-haired woman on her right, beside whose chair lies a pair of crutches, and whose name, it is whispered, is among those of the unfortunate. The clerks grow more and more restless and invent many needless errands which give them an excuse for moving about. Some boastful youth whispers to the man next to him that "they better not remove him or he would make it but for them. An energetic woman gets an inkling that her connection with the office is about to be severed, and starts immediately for the Capitol; her dismissal is sent to her bone, yet she is back at her desk the next morning, with a reinstatement in her hand.

Capital; her dismissal is sent to her home, yet she is back at her desk the next morning, with a reinstatement in her land.

About 2 o'clook the "chiof" leaves his little room and disappears in the direction of the elevator. He knows if he remains he will be besieged by tears, which move him deeply, and by prayers which he is helpiess to grant. The restlessness now increases more randily. Every time the door leading into the chief's room is opened fifty pairs of eyes are fixed upon it; and if John, the messenger, appears, his every movement is closely watched.

The afternoon wears on, and at last the hands of the clock point to ten minutes of 4. The messenger comes out with a package of the dreaded yellow envelopes—twenty, thirty, forty, perhaps. The room is so still that there seems to be an almost solid quiet, and the ticking of the clock is distinctly heard. John takes a step forward and hands envelope No. 1 to a very young man, most fashionably dressed, and whose father is known to be possessed of ample means. The youth giggles nervously, and overy one else feels a momentary relief to find that it is no worse. Then the bearer of evil tidings turns to a widow dressed in deopest mourning, who is the sole support of a consumptive daughter.

means. The youth giggles nervously, and every one else feels a momentary relief to find that it is no worse. Then the bearer of evil tidings turns to a widow dressed in decreast mourning, who is the sole support of a consumptive daughter. She receives the blow calmly, only showing by a repression of the lips how deeply she feels; but the warm-hearied girl who sits next to her and who has learned to love the motherly widow, bursts into tears and hides her face on the table before her, oblitious to the fact that the messenger had beased her by. A deaf man who has the means to prolong a meagre existence in a little town way Up in the north of Wisconsin, and had come to Washington chiefly for the educational advantages it afforded his large family, is the next victim; and as it is not actually a case of bread and butter, the sympathy extended to him is not quite so deep. As the messenger bursues his way, those he leaves behind, unnoticed, experience a strong sense of relief; they are sorry for their unfortunate neighbors, but they are filled with gladness for themselves.

And so John goes on. A tired-looking woman, who has hoped against hope that she might remain a month or two longer, has not sufficient self-control, when she receives her notice, to keep the tears from running freely down her cheeks. A shabby-looking man is the next victim; he is a drunkard, so much sympathy need not be wasted on him; but it will be hard for his wife. The boastful youth receives his congé with an air of incredulity, but on examining the document he finds no mistake has been made. John now turns toward the gray-haired cripple; her heart leaps into her throat and she wonders if the poortionately great (how selfish are the best of usl) when John passes her by and stops by a comfortable-looking colored man. The stylish girl feels as if a tight cord about her throat had been loosened. But alas! the cripple's chvelope was only displaced, and in another moment it is in her hand. The shock is almost too much for her; she had desperately n

TAGGED COD.

Experiments to Determine the Habits and Movements of Food Fish.

THE SUN told last week about the capture of some tagged cod off the Long Island shore, and from time to time reports of similar catches have come from other quarters.

These cod are tagged at the Woods Holl fish

hatching station for the purpose of carrying out experiments to determine the habits and movements of food fish off the New England coast. Several hundred fish have been turned loose in the waters of Vincyard Sound, each having a numbered tag. The tag is a small piece of copper or tin securely fastened by copper wire to the dorsal or caudal fins. Codper wire to the dorsal or caudal fins. Cod-fish do not live long after they are taken out of the waters where they have been caught, and they have to be handled very carefully in the process of tagging or they will die. The record of each fish is kept at the station. This gives the weight of the cod, when caught, and where released. Circulars have been sent to the fishermen and dealers requesting that when cod baving a tag comes into their hands to remove the tag and forward it to the United States Fish Commission either at Washington or Woods Holl ground, the date when the cod was caught, on what grounds taken, the weight before being dressed, total length from end of nose to end of tail, and whether male or female. It is believed that this inquiry will show among other things the rate of growth of the cod, the frequency of its snawn-ing and the extent to which the individual fish migrate. The work of liberating the tagged sah will not be finished before next spring.

prinoco country, to the little plazita of Santa Catalina." said E. L. Armstrong, who was in Venezuela for several years as agent for an English rubber company. "We were on foot, with a scanty amount of daylight left to do the six miles of distance in. Our path lay through forest all the way-sometimes a dense growth, with the spaces between the tree trunks so closely filled with climbing vines and undergrowth that we could not see five paces to the right or left; and again opening into park-like reaches, with scattered trees upon the broad spaces of greensward. After a while I noticed that the guide looked back from time to time and that he had taken his machete from his belt and was swinging it in his hand.
"'What is it, Manuel i' I asked him. 'Is

there anything wrong I' Senor, a tigre is following us,' he said. "In Central and South America the jaguar is always called a tiger, as the puma is usually called a lion. At the guide's words I stopped short and looked back and all around. We were in an open space where, except for a tree here and there, I could get a clear view for 150 yards in every direction. I could catch no glimpse of a jaguar, and said so to the guide. "'I have not seen him, senor,' said Manuel. But the man who has passed his life in the lowing him. He feels his presence. I have felt this one-felt his eyes watching us for the last two miles we have come. As darkness falls he "This information set me to reflecting on my

folly in firing all my cartridges away at paroquets and wood rate at the rubber camp. Now my empty revolver was uscless for the present occasion, and we had only Manuel's machete to depend on if the jaguar should attack us, as unoubtedly he meant to do at nightfall. We soon had a half-mile stretch of dense forest to take where our path under the heavy-topped trees was shaded to semi-twilight. Manuel looked behind him often as we walked quickly on in silence. Presently the guide paused and motioned me to halt.

"'Listen,' he said in a whisper. 'Do you hear! "Somewhere from the forest, off to the left of the path, there came to my ears a faint, rustling sound. Something was moving steadily and softly through vines and underbrush in a direcion parallel with our course. The sound drew abreast of us and ceased.

"'It is all tigre, senor. He has stopped to hearken, said Manuel, 'Let us hasten on.' "An open space ahead of us was in sight, when the cracking of a dead twig on the right f the path and the rustling sound repeated in that direction informed us that the jaguar had crossed the path behind us and now was keeping abreast of us on that side. We came out sun was setting and there was another stretch of forest to travel which we knew would b

of forest to travel which we know would be dark. Here it was to be expected that the Jaguar would make his attack, and for a tussle with such a beast, which, next to the Bengal siger, is the most savage and powerful of the feline race, we were ill prepared.

"Midway in the opening, about a hundred yards from the path, stood an algarroba tree. Something lying in the shadow of the tree, which at first glance I took to be a lump of reddish rock, sudderly quickened, and I saw that it was an immense puma, now risen to his feet, gazing at us in a wondering sort of way. A moment more and be had run up into the tree like a tawny streak and disappeared among the ment more and he had run up into the tree like a tawny streak and disappeared among the leafy branches. I looked back at the dark wood we had just quitted. Something moved indistinctly among the shadows at the edge, and a pair of eyes like burning coals shone in the darkness. The jaguar was drawing nearer.

"To me the puma meant another enemy as formidable as the jaguar; but on Manuel's face the sombre look of anxiety at once gave place to an expression of almost joyous relief.

"Señor, Tio Tigre [Uncle Tiger] will not trouble us further to-day, he said confidently.
Tio Leon [Uncle Lion] will have business with him soon, and we may saunter home without care.

"However, we did not waste any time, but "However, we did not waste any time, but struck across the opening into the last stretch of forest that lay between us and the planta. There was no more sound of rustling us derbrush or sight of flaming eyes to cause us affects. Instead, when we were half way through the wood there came from the darkness behind us a scream such as I have never heard before or since—the sudden, terrifying outburst of hatred, rage, vengeance, that announced the coming together of two inveterate forest foes. The scream merged into a confusion of cries and growlings almost exactly like the sounds, a hundred times magnified, that two cats, fercely fighting, might make. So sudden and savage was the scream that it brought me instantly to a standstill with every nerve a-quiver; and ever Manuel, seasoned by a lifetime in the forest, stoned breathless to isten. My first idea after

indured inness magnined, that two cair, nercely fighting, might make. So sudden and savage was the scream that it brought me instantly to a standstill with every nerve a-quiver; and even Manuel, seasoned by a lifetime in the forest, stopped breathless to listen. My first idea after I found that the sound did not mean danger to us was to run away, but the guide, after listening a moment, merely walked on, setting the pace with his free, swift Indian stride.

"El Icon has overtaken of tigre,' he said. We shall see no more of either to-day."

The two combatants evidently were settling their differences near the place where the fight had begun, but their cries came to our cars until we had got almost to Santa Catalina, where we arrived without any further adventure. I had to start for Caracas early the next morning, and so could not go back into the forest by day, light to learn the resuit of the battle. Manuel told me that he should go out in the morning with a gun, expecting to find one or both of the fighters dead or disabled near the path. The puma, if it had gone away, he would not follow. He was our friend, he said. But the jaquar, if not dead in the path, he would track and kill, feeling sure of finding him in hiding at no great distance away.

"When I returned to Santa Catalina, a month later, Manuel showed me the jaquar's skin. With two companions he had gone the next day to the scene of the fight and had tracked the jaquar from the spot to where it lav, badly accrated by the puma's teeth and claws, at the forest true without difficulty. The puma had gone back the way he had come and was not seen, but the tufts of his hair in the place where the two 'ad fought and the blood drops along his tracks that led from the place showed that he had carried away marks of the combat.

"This was my personal excerience of the comming together of the puma and the jaquar. It led to my learning some curious things about these two great cats in their relations to man and each other. While the jaquar is regarded as muplacabl

to save a human being from peril was a purely fanciful one. Nevertheless, it existed with the persons most concerned.

"On the Apure River, near its head, lives—or did live there, five years ago—a woman of mixed Spanish and Indian race named Maria Padilia, the wife of the mayordome, or foreman of a cattle ranch. I have talked with her and heard from her lips the account of the strange adventure she had when a child of 7 years. Herparents with their children were making a four parents with their children were making a four heard from her lips the account of the strange adventure she had when a child of 7 years. Herparents with their children were making a four heard from the right, and the child, while her parents at attention was occupied, started into the forest to gather freewood as she had often seen her mother do. Her absence was not noticed until she had been gone some time from the camp. As she gathered dry sticks into a bundle she saw a large, spotted animal stealing swiftly toward her. Every South American country girl of 7 years knowns a jaguar when she sees him, whether she has ever seen one before or not, for the dread of these animals is an instinct among the inhabitants of regions which they frequent. Overcome by fear the girl could only stand still and awaif her fate. With her eyes riveted on the jaguar she did not see where they came from, but, of a sinden, she perceived that he was savagely flighting with two hige tawny animals that had sprang upon him. The fight seemed to her to last a long time, and once the brutes in their struggles came very near to where she stood. The pumas that had attacked him killed the jaguar at last, and after standing over the body a few minutes as if to the crutes in their struggles came very near to where she stood. The pumas that had attacked him killed the jeguar at last, and after standing over the body a few minutes as if to sasure themselves that he would not revive, they for the first time turned their gaze toward the child, who had been too much terrified to improve her chance to run away while the beasts were fighting. They favored her with a

long stare, and then, not offering to approach or harm her, turned deliberately away and trotted leto the depths of the forest. They scarcely had disappeared when her father, having missed the child and guided by the sounds of the fisht, came running to the place with gun and machete and found her safe. He got a jaguar skin as a trophy, though it was cut too nearly into ribeons by the puma's claws to be of value.

"In the Guarico country, at a village called Paraya, near the Merida trail, I saw an Indian named José Lobado, whose face and head were deeply scarred and whose body was a network of similar scars from wounds, received through being carried away by a jaguar when an infant in arms. Of course he could not remember the occurrence, but his mother, who had rescened him, described it to me. She had gone to a state, or wooded spot, on the pampas for firewood, carrying her child, after the fashica of Venezuelan women of humble station, in a shawl looped from her shoulder. This shawl with the small boy in it she slung to a low tree branch while significant of the child and was carrying it away. The mother grasped her machete and ran after the gathered her bundle of sticks, and she did not perceive the approach of a jaguar until he had esized the child and was carrying it away. The mother grasped her machete and ran after the jaguar, shricking. She managed to keep the benaf in sight, but he was rapidly getting beyond her view, when suddenly the jaguar stopped, put the child down, and, bristling for fight, stood with his forenews resting upon it.

"Then the mother saw that a puma was fronting the jaguar. She hurried on toward where the two boasts faced each other, growling and anorealing. Before she got to them the puma, and, springing to the boy again, orouched with his nows above him as before. The puma leaped again and the fight was respected by the arm for home and got safe to the house, The boy, though covered with claw wounds from head to foot and bearing deep marks of the jaguar's teeth in the back where

WILD BEASTS VERY BOLD.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Feb. 12.-The severity of

Hard Weather Makes Pine Hunting in This Pennsylvania Valley.

the weather recently and the depth of snow on the mountains have driven game of all kinds into the valleys, and likewise their natural enemies, the wildcats and foxes. In various parts of this county deer have been seen feeding in the fields; wild turkeys have associated with the farmers' domestic fowls, and wildcats and foxes have boldly invaded hen roosts under the very eyes of the owners. The scarcity of food on the mountains has so emboldened the wildcats that their raids on the farmers' poultry are of almost nightly occurrence. On Thursday night Peter Posten, an aged army veteran

cats that their raids on the farmers poultry are of almost nightly occurrence. On Thursday night Peter Posten, an aged army veteran of Hill Valley, after a severe encounter, killed a wildeat that had been attracted to his premises by the remnants of a recent butchering. Posten is a noted hunter and has a pack of line for hounds. Soon after retiring on Thursday evening Mr. Posten heard a commotion among his dogs near the harn. He hastily dreased himself and went to the barn, carrying a double-barrelled gun heavily charged with buckshot. On the way he found his favorite hound lying dead in the road. A few steps further he came across another dog mortally hurt. He found his three remaining dogs in a flerce combat with a large wildcat, which, on the farmer's approach, sprang upon an overhanging beam extending from the side of the barn. The wildcat had scarcely landed on its perch when it made a second spring and landed on Mr. Posten's shoulders, scratching and clawing him severely. Mr. Posten stooped down and his dogs again attacked the wildcat and drove it off. Then Mr. Posten stooped down and his dogs again attacked the wildcat and drove it off. Then Mr. Posten shot the beast. It measured 4 feet and 3 inches from tip to tip.

On the same night, in Juniata township, three miles from this city, three children of Francis Corbin, a farmer, had an exciting encounter with a wildcat while returning to their home from a neighbor's. In a thickly wooded part of the road, at the base of Terrace Mountain, young Corbin, who is but 14 years old, and his two younger sisters observed an animal in advance of them which they supposed was a dog. The boy ran ahead and threw a stone at the animal, which quickly ran up an overhanging pine tree. This convinced young Corbin that he had a wildcat to deal with, and, catching up his little sisters' hands, he hurried toward home. The children had run scarcely fitty, yards when the wildcat spraing from the tree and pursued them. It made no attempt to attack them, but contented itself with pl the tamily at home, endeavored with the aid of a hayfork to separate the warring animals. The buck paid no attention to the woman and kept on striking the stallion vigorously with his fore hoofs. The stallion at last jumped the fence and found shelter in the barnyard of a neighboring farmer. Then the buck leaped over the fence and trotted off to the nearby mountain.

A WILD DEER IN THE CITY. He Invades Walla Walla and Gets Out Again, Not Without Trouble.

SEATTLE, Feb. 6 .- A wild deer was scared up in the city limits of Walla Walla, near the residence of ex-Gov. Miles C. Moore, on last Wad-nesday. The deer, in its fright and anxiety to get away, almost ran over a rig that was being driven along the road, and, making for a barbed

driven along the road, and, making for a barbed wire fence, miscalculated its height and was thrown forcibly to the ground by the recoil. It, implediately jumped up and ran away into some brush and disappeared.

Wherever it came from is a mystery, but it probably wandered down one of the creeks in that vicinity or was chased down by dogs, and in its bowliderment lost its bearings and the location of its former pastures. As usual, no one had a gun, or some one would have been tempted to violate the Game law.

THE EEL AND THE CATFISH. Glance at Life Under Water as Seen in the Tanks at the Aguarium.

In one of the tanks at the Aquarium there is an eel three feet long and thick in proportion that came from Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island. It is a powerful-looking creature; as it swims lazily about, or shakes a twist down through its length, or takes some one of the rigid attitudes which it now and then assumes it conveys the idea of great strength, and it is easy to imagine that a strong man would have difficulty in holding it.

In the same tank there are about a dozen cat-fish from the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace. The largest of these catfish is about fifteen inches in length. The cel and the catfish are very much alike in color, and though they are totally unlike in form it seems, to look at them, as though they were not wholly unrelated. They live together in the tank on terms which, if not exactly friendly, are certainly not unfriendly. At feeding time the eel, which is the quicker, gets lits share promptly and fully without regard to the catfish. Generally the eel stays by itself, and when not swimming about it is likely to be at one end of the tank while the catfish are at the other; but when they meet the catfish are neither frightened nor disturbed by the superior bulk and strength of the eel, whose presence among them they seem to take quite as a matter of course.

The catfish are likely to huddle all together at the bottom of the tank in one corner by the opening of the intake pipe. Fish in tanks often do this to get the first of the new, living, incoming water, and fish commonly head up against a current. If the catfishes were where they could do so they would bury themselves in the mud; here they crowd together in a heap down in this corner.

Sometimes the eel, which has been swimming lazily about, or perhaps has been staying motionless over in the other corner, comes over to catfish corner and burrows in under the pile of catfish. The catfish do not resent this, and it seems as though the eel, consclous as it may be of its own wastly greater strength, did not come over wantonly to disturb them, but more because it wanted to see somebody.

Sometimes it varies its approach. The other day when the catfish were all piled up together in their corner with their heads all i one direction, toward the wall, the eel came over above them in the water and curved its body around in the angio of the corner over them. Then it dropped todily down through the water until its body touched the nose of the catfish that was uppermost. Still dropping its body, still curring in their corner with their heads all in one direction, toward the wall, the eel came over above them in the water and curved its body around in t are very much alike in color, and though they are totally unlike in form it seems, to look at

BEAR WASN'T THE POINT. THE POINT WAS GUN, AND THE RE-

SULT PROVED THE TRUTH OF IT. rem Would Go Out After Bear with a Volcane

on His Shoulder in Spite of the Man from the Knob Country—Final Triumph of Logic —The Hears Fett the Force of Logic, Also, MILFORD, Pa., Feb. 12 .- "The consarned gun hadn't been shot off for thirty year and bet-ter," said the Knob country man, "and I told fom so when he started out with it that night. Tom,' I says, 'that gun'll kick you worse'n a mule if you fire it; mind what I tell you! 'Cause it was an old army musket that Tom had ingged all through the war, and when he come back home he hung it up on a couple o' pegs on the settin' room wall, and it seemed to me that re hadn't never been took down sence. 'Tom,' I hadn't never been took down sence. Tom, a says, 'that gun'il kick you worse'n a mule.'
"But Tom he says, 'But do you want bears to pitch in and chaw me!'
"'I hain't sayin' nothin' 'bout bears,' I says,

'It's the gun I was talkin' 'bout. I wouldn's e afeard o' meetin' half a dozen bears,' I says, but seems to me I'd be overpowerin' skittish ".'But here's two more o' my sheep lugged

away last night! says Tom. 'And by that same infernal old bear, I know! And that makes nine sence the fust o' the month, says he, 'Hain't this clearin' got nothin' to do but raise mutton for bears? says he.
"'Tom,' I says, 'I hain't raised the question

o' bears. I says. 'Stick to the p'int!' I says.
'The p'int is that if you shoot that gun it'll kick you worse'n a mule. That's what I argue an' I stick to it. Kickin' guns, not bears, is what I'm arguin' on. It'll kick you worse'n a mule,' I says. 'Mind what I tell you!' "Tom he says, 'Oh, you pahaw!' and off he goes with the old gun and Jake Dolph, his

hired man. Samantha,' I says to Tom's wife, 'that gun hain't been fired for thirty year and better. bas it? I says.

" 'Not as I knows on,' says !Samentha. 'Pau took it down a year or so 'fore he died, jest after Tom fetched it home from the war, she says, and put a load in it to kill a hawk, says she. "That sol' I says. 'I didn't think it had been

took down sence Tom hung it up, I says.
"'Yes,' says samantha. 'Pap took it down
an' loaded it to shoot a hawk,' says she, 'bug the hawk wouldn't be come nigh to and Pap didn't shoot it: so he hung the gun back,' says she. 'Yes, and it was took down ag'in, come to think on it,' says Samantha.

"'It was, chi' I says.
"'Yes,' says she. 'Along mebbe a couple of three year after Pap died Tom's brother Sim took it down and loaded it to kill a fox, but the fox got away and Sim didnt fire it," says she. Your Pap loaded it and didn't fire it!'

says. "Yes,' says Samantha. " 'And Tom's brother Sim loaded it after that and didn't fire it? I says. " 'Yes,' says Samantha.
" 'Did Tom load it for usin' this evenin'? \$

says. "Yes, says Samantha. " 'Samantha,' I says, 'when they fetch Tom home to-night consider'ble onj'inted,' I says, and mebbe peeled like a spudded hemlock, send for me and I'll explain things,' I says.

"'Why, Abel,' says Samanthe, skeery-like 'you don't think the bears'll chaw him and mummix him as bad as that, do you? " 'Bears ain't the p'int!' I says. 'I hain't said a durn thing about bears!' I says. 'Gun is what

a durn thing about bears! I says. 'Gun is what I'm arguin' on! If Tom fires that gun it'll kick him worse'n a mule. Worse'n a mule? Sizzlin' Socrates! Worse'n a drove o' mules!' I says, and away I starts for home, aggravated like Sam Hill 'cause they kep' throwin' tun bears at me when I wa'n't arguin' bears, but was makin' that gun the all-pervadin' p'int.

"Yit, when I come to think on it, I hadn's orte blamed Tom and Samantha so much for it, after all, for bear had been thinnin' out their sheep tremendous, and though hunters had sot up nights watchin' for the thievin' bruin and tried to run him down with dogs daytimes, he give 'em sill the slip, and then when they'd go home to rest and git a little sleep he'd sneak in and lug off another sheep, till he had Tom's pastur' pretty well thinned down, and Tom he made up his mind he'd go out with the old musket and see what he could do himself. Consekently, mebbe I hadn't orto blamed him so much o'r arguin' bear when I was makin' gun the p'int.

"I badn't got fur on my way home when I

kently, medber I man to no mainter in a control of a regular bear when I was makin' gun the p'int.

"I hadn't got fur on my way home when I says to myself that I better go find Tom where he mowt be layin' low in the pastur' lot and argue with him ag'in, thinkin' mebbe that I mowt be able to make more of a p'int by fetchin' in the arguments about Samantha's dad havin' rammed a load in the gun and left it there, and Tom's brother Sim havin' rammed a load in the gun and left it there, and to no top o' Samantha's dad's and sim's with the idee o' not leavin' it there.

"If them arguments ain't enough to show Tom that the p'int is gun more than bear. I says, 'then he don't know nothin' about logic, and if Samantha is left a widder and the Coroner gits a fee,' I says, 'twon't be because I d'idea argue argues n'ints."

says, 'then he don't know nothir,' about logic, and if Samantha is left a widder and the Coroner gits a (ec., I says, 'twon't be because I didn't argue on proper p'ints.'

"So I turned and follered the road to'rds Tom's back pastur' lot, where he was more'n likely settin' on the brink of a volcano that would do some onmerciful belchin' if he ever let that gun go. I had got pretty well in to'rds the pastur' fence when all of a suddent there was a flash that lit up the surroundin' country for a second or so like sheet lightnin', and then thore was a rumble and a roar and a crish and a crash that shook things enormous.

"The volcano has belched,' I says, and as I was hurryin' on I seen somethin' comin tearin' down the road to'rds me like a runaway hoss. As it got nigh me I see it was Tom's hired man.

"Bears! Bears! Bears! he hollered, as he went tearin' by.

"Bears be durned!' I hollered, stoppin' to argue with him. 'Bears ain't the p'int. The p'int is—

"But the hired man tore on out o' sight.

"Consarn 'em!' I says, 'There ain't ne more logic in 'cm than there's fleas on, a cate fish.

"So I burried on to find out whether there was enough left o' Tom to be open to conviction. I found him layin' on the ground at one edge o' the pastur', groanin' consider'ble, and squirmin' and wrigglin' and twistin' worse than if cholera morbus had sot in. I riz him so he sot up, but it was a minute or more before he got hisself gethered together enough to know where he was. Then it come to him, and lookin' up and seein' me, he says:

"Did they chaw me up pooty tremendous, Abel! Am I clawed and ripped up much by em' says he.

"I see that he was stickin' to bears yit, and it riled me.

"Consarn yer, Tom!' says I. 'Bears ain's the p'int! Did you fire that gun or didn't you' The heft o' evidences movt be that I did.'

"The heft o' evidences movt be that I did.'

"I see that he was stickin' to bears yit, and is riled infe.

"Consarn yer, Tom!' says I. 'Bears ain's the p'int! Did you fire that gun or didn't you? The heft o' evidence mowt be that I did, says he, 'but I wouldn't want to swear that is wasn't earthquakes,' says he.

"Then I see he was kind o' gittin' round to seein' the real p'int o' the argument, and I says!

"Where is it!" says he, 'that I remember of it's quittin' ne, but I didn't have no time to ask it where it.was goin', says he.

"Then I see that one side o' Tom's face was swelled up bigger'n a pumpkin and that he didn't have no use o' his right shoulder, and he said he didn't think, from the way he was feelin' in them parts, that there was more than four o' his right broke of that side, but there mowt be five. I looked around and seen a panel o' rail fence down a rod or so behind us.

"What did you lear that fence down fur!' I says.

"There wa'n't no fence tore down when me

five. I looked around and seen a panel o' rail fence down a rod or so behind us.

"What did you lear that fence down fur!' I says.

"There wa'n't no fence tore down when me and the gun came in,' says Tom.

"Then I knowed that the gun had kicked that panel o' fence down and I followed the trail through the panel o' fence, found a gully ploughed in the road clean across it, more'n six inches deep, kind o' catty-cornered to rds the woods on tother side. I followed the gully off into the woods a couple o' rods, and at the end of it I found the gun, chuck up as in a hemiock tree, and there was bark knocked off o' the tree half-way round and three foot up. The gun was actually quiverin' yit, as if it hadn't hardly give its dyin' kick. I picked if up and wen's back to Tom. Jest as I got there in come Samantha and the hired man, and we worked Tom home by degrees. The doctor from the kiddy happened to be at the mill that night and it didn't take long to git him. After he had straightened Tom around and made him comfortable Samantha took up the argument as in.

"Who'd a thunk, says she, 'that bear o'uld a—

""Samantha,' says Tom, 'bears ain't the p'int.

The p'int is that amazin' gun, and when I git around ag'in,' says he, 'I'm goin' to spike i' rand bury it down in the fur corner of the old stone lot,' says he, 'with stones a top of it three foot deep.

"Then I knowed that Tom had come square round to the p'int o' the argument, and seen that logic was logic, and I went home feelin' that all you got to do when you got your p ints right is to sick to em, and nothin kin down you.

"Did Tom git any bears! Well, as I been tryin' to tell you, bears wa'n't the p'int, but I believe they did find a couple o' bears in the posture I at next day. One of 'em, they said, had a role through him you could shove a stopepid all o' Tom's load, and all o' Tom